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A Fawcett Publication

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MAY
NO. 120

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES
10¢



HELLOOOO!
CAPTAIN MARVEL!
CAN YOU HEAR ME? X

CAPTAIN
MARVEL
and
THE VOICE
HEARD ROUND
THE WORLD

Captain
Marvel

The Marvel
Family

YOUNG,
EAGLE

Rod Cameron
WESTERN

Bob Steele
WESTERN

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MASTER
COMICS

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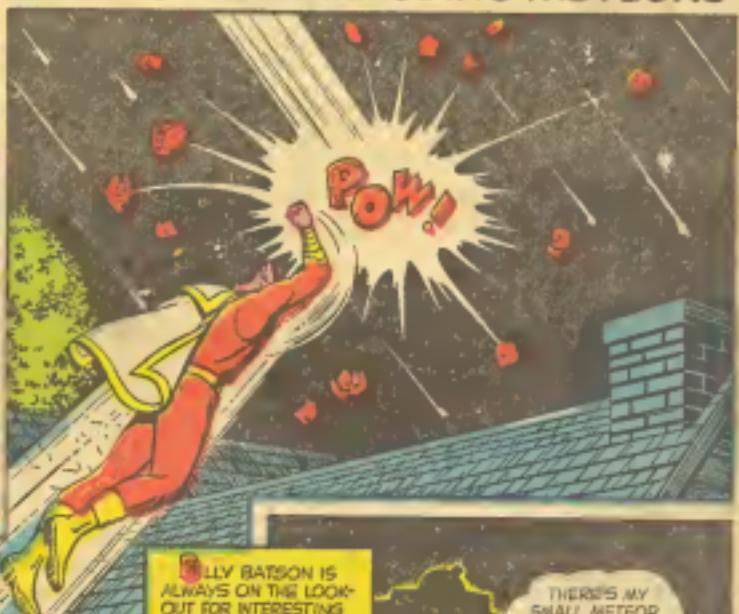
Wendell Crowley, President



WHENEVER BILLY BATSON,
FAMOUS BOY NEWSCASTER,
SAWS THE WORD "SHAZAM" HE
IS IMMEDIATELY CHANGED
INTO POWERFUL CAPTAIN
MARVEL, THE WORLD'S¹
MIGHTIEST MORTAL, WHO
COMBATS IN HIS MIGHTY
DAVUL THE POWERS OF
EVIL AND THE ADVISER OF HEROES
OF ALL TIME!



CAPTAIN MARVEL BATTLES THE MARAUDING METEORS



BILLY BATSON IS
ALWAYS ON THE LOOK-
OUT FOR INTERESTING
ITEMS FOR HIS FAMOUS
WHIZ NEWSCAST!

THERE'S MY
SMALL METEOR
OBSERVATORY
BILLY!



CAPT. MARVEL



THE MYSTIC WORD SHAZAM ECHOES WITH A CRASH OF MAGIC LIGHTNING WHICH CHANGES BILLY INTO ...



CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL!

BETTER GET UNDER COVER, PROFESSOR! AS FOR ME, I'VE GOT WORK TO DO, AND FAST!



THIS IS FRIGHTFUL! AUTHLESS SPACE INVADERS BOMBARDING EARTH WITH METEORS! IT'S FAR WORSE THAN A HEAVY ARTILLERY BARRAGE!



LUCKILY, MOST OF THE FALLING METEORS ARE LANDING IN OPEN SPACES, ENDANGERING NO LIVES!



BUT HERE'S ONE I'VE GOT TO STOP!



ON THE NEXT HOUR, AS THE DREAD METEOR SHOWER CONTINUES, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL PERFORMS ONE THRILLING RESCUE AFTER ANOTHER!



BUT THIS TRAIN HAS TO STOP DEAD! WHOA!



HOLY MOLEY! I CAN'T MOVE THAT TOWN! AND I CAN'T JUST SMASH THE METEOR, BECAUSE THE PIECES WOULD LAND IN THE TOWN!

ONLY THING TO DO IS TO STOP IT IN MIDAIR! **BOOM!** IT HAS TREMENDOUS SPEED AND POWER!

TREMENDOUS BATTLE OF POWER TAKES PLACE BETWEEN THE GIANT METEOR AND THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL! AND CAPTAIN MARVEL WINS!

I FINALLY STOPPED IT! NOW I'LL TAKE IT AWAY!

GREAT WORK, CAPTAIN MARVEL! THAT WOULD HAVE DONE MORE DAMAGE THAN AN ATOMIC BOMB!

FINALLY, WHEN THE FANTASTIC BOMBARDMENT FROM SPACE ENDS...

NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND THOSE HEARTLESS INVADERS! THEY'LL START MORE AND BIGGER METEOR BOMBARDMENTS UNLESS THEY'RE DRIVEN AWAY FROM EARTH ENTIRELY!

BUT AFTER A SEARCH OF THE SPACE AREA SURROUNDING EARTH...

NOT A SIGN OF SPACE SHIPS OR ANYTHING! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE INVADERS?

THEY MUST HAVE SLIPPED AWAY SOMEHOW! BUT HOW COULD THEY HIDE IN OPEN SPACE? IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE! I'LL CHECK WITH PROFESSOR ZOOR!

PROFESSOR, I --- WHAT'S THIS? WERE YOU CALMLY TAKING PICTURES OF THE METEORS ALL THIS WHILE?

YES! AREN'T THEY BEAUTIES? AND THEY'RE WORTH A FORTUNE!

CAN YOU BLAME ME FOR TAKING THE PICTURES, EVEN THOUGH THIS WAS A CATASTROPHE FOR EARTH? AFTER ALL... SCIENCE MUST GO ON!

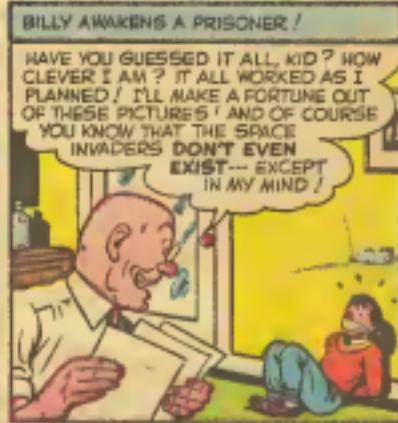
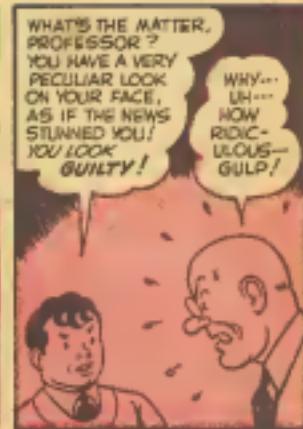
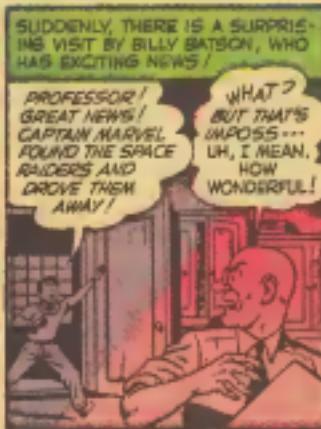
UH---SURE, PROFESSOR! OF COURSE! BUT TELL ME, HOW COULD THOSE INVADERS HIDE IN SPACE?

CAPT. MARVEL



CAPT. MARVEL

MEANWHILE...



BUT CLEVEREST OF ALL WAS THAT STORY I MADE UP ABOUT THE SPACE INVADERS! IF I MADE A SUDDEN FORTUNE WITH MY METEOR PICTURES, SUSPICION WOULD OTHERWISE HAVE TURNED TO ME! BUT BY PLANTING THE FAKE SPACE RAIDERS STORY IN ADVANCE, NOBODY SUSPECTED ME! IT WAS A MASTERFUL RED HERRING!



I CAN CAUSE MORE METEOR SHOWERS AND KEEP BLAMING THEM ON THE MYTHICAL RAIDERS! I'LL GET MORE TERRIFIC PICTURES AND MAKE A FORTUNE! ONLY YOU SUSPECTED THE TRUTH, KID!



BILLY FACES CRUEL DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE FIENDISH PROFESSOR!

YOU'LL NEVER EXPOSE ME! THIS BIG ROCK WILL CRUSH YOU LIKE A BUG!

BUT ALWAYS KEEPING HIS WITS ABOUT HIM WHEN FACING DANGER, BILLY SEES HIS CHANCE, AND...



MAGIC LIGHTNING BRINGS CAPTAIN MARVEL!



HAVE A SEAT, PROFESSOR, WHILE I SMASH YOUR MACHINE!



THAT'S THE END OF YOUR ROTTEN RACKET! I WAS SUSPICIOUS OF YOU RIGHT ALONG, BUT IT WASN'T TILL THE COMET CAME DOWN ON THE CITY NEAREST YOUR PLACE THAT I KNEW YOU WERE THE CULPRIT! BILLY'S TRICK MADE YOU GIVE YOURSELF AWAY!



LATER...

AS FOR YOUR WONDERFUL PICTURES, I'LL SELL THEM AND USE THE FUNDS TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGE YOUR METEORS CAUSED! BY THE WAY, I'VE ARRANGED WITH THE WARDEN TO FEED YOU RED HERRINGS FOR LUNCH!

THE DARKNESS DANGER

A Jon Jarl Adventure

By Eando Binder

TWO space ships rocketed through the void between Mars and Earth, one in pursuit of the other. The fleeing ship was piloted by Jet Jaeger, the interplanetary bandit. The pursuing ship was that of Lieutenant Jon Jarl of the Space Police.

"Will I have time to overtake him?" Jon muttered to himself. "Before the Big Blackness comes?"

But at that moment, as Jon peered out of his windshield at the bandit ship, the orange rocket bursts vanished. Blackness suddenly surrounded Jon's ship, like a curtain dropping. Not only the bandit ship vanished from view, but all the stars and planets in space. And when Jon looked over toward the blazing sun, it too faded to orange, yellow, dull-red, and then blinked out like a snuffed candle.

Jon looked in all directions and saw—nothing. It was totally and completely black in all directions. Not a single beam of light from anywhere!

But Jon was not taken by surprise. It had been predicted for a month, this coming of the Big Blackness. A month before, astronomers had detected the patch of total blackness which moved through space, shutting out all starlight behind it. The black patch had grown swiftly, obviously moving toward Earth and its solar system. It was not mysterious. It was simply one of the well-known "Dark Nebulae" that had been seen here and there in the universe. But this one was moving. And it had been calculated that it would overwhelm and surround the entire solar system for a period of thirty hours.

Jon looked out curiously. The Dark Nebula was known to be composed of a fine cosmic dust that cut off all light. But that was all it did. It was harmless. There was no panic on any worlds, as the sudden shroud of blindness blanketed all light. The people had been forewarned. For thirty hours, till the Dark Nebula passed on, they were ordered to simply stop working or traveling and to stay quietly at home. All space traffic was ordered to halt, even the space police.

But Jon did not stop nor did he turn back

in the direction of the base. Not when he was this close to nabbing Jet Jaeger! He could still follow him through space—with radar! Jon switched on his radar and picked up the image of the fleeing bandit ship, and continued the pursuit.

But then the worst happened. The radar set blew out!

Jon sat still, stunned, for a long minute, with a slow icy chill creeping up his spine. His vision was completely blinded by the Dark Nebula smothering all light in space. And now, with his radar set useless, Jon was drifting through space aimlessly. Only radar could have guided him back to Earth safely. Now, if he tried it, he might crash into Earth, unable to see it with his eyes or with radar!

In fact, Jon didn't even know in what direction Earth lay now. Not Mars, nor Venus, nor the sun! Jon was lost in the inky blackness of the Dark Nebula!

Worse yet, without either his eyes or radar to depend on, Jon could not see the many dangerous meteors wandering through space. A wandering meteor might whiz up like a ghost and smash his ship to bits.

"And I won't even see it!" Jon groaned. "There might be a meteor rushing at me right now—but I can't see a thing out in that infernal blackness!"

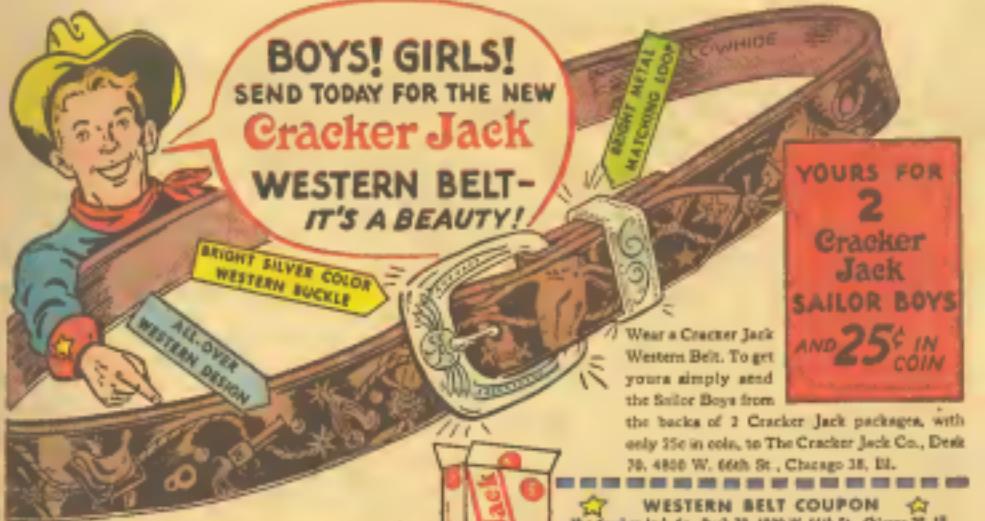
The Dark Nebula was only an annoyance to the rest of the solar system. To Jon, it was death!

Could he somehow reach some planet safely? Should he just rocket blindly in one direction and hope to blunder upon Mars or Earth or Venus? But suppose he did reach one of them. How would he know when he was close? He would probably land all right—at a hundred miles a second!

Jon sat up. His radio! There was still some hope. Radio waves could still travel through space. The Dark Nebula didn't stop that, only light waves. Jon could signal an SOS. Perhaps it would be picked up by some nearby Space Policeman. Then, by using radar, the rescue ship could spot him and tow him home safely.

Heaving a sigh of hopeful relief, Jon turned

(Please turn to next page)



Cowboys ENJOY Cracker Jack

Wherever cowboys and cowgirls gather you're sure to find Cracker Jack there, too. It's a real Western treat—this candy coated popcorn—and the more they eat . . . the more they want. Be like the brawny cowboys: treat yourself to Cracker Jack often. Remember, there's a surprise novelty in every pack.

BARKLEY THE BARBER

I KNOW THE WEATHER'S AWFUL, BUT I DON'T CARE WHO WINS THE NEXT BALL GAME AND I'M NOT INTERESTED IN WORLD AFFAIRS!



I DON'T CARE 'BOUT POLITICS NOW, THE GODDAMN I KNOW MY HAIR NEEDS CUTTING, CHIN AND DOSE CARE! I KNOW NEED A SHAVE, BUT I DON'T WANT ONE! ALL I WANT IS A HAIRCUT!



...I'D BE ABLE TO CONCENTRATE MUCH BETTER IF YUH DON'T TALK SO MUCH!



CAPT. MARVEL

his radio on full power. "SOS! Lieutenant Jon Jarl calling! SOS! Am lost in space, without radar. SOS!"

Jon signalled frantically for minutes that seemed eternities. No answer came back from the pit of darkness around him. Jon had the horrible feeling that he was all alone in a black, empty, lifeless universe.

The clock lied. It said only three minutes had passed. But Jon knew it was an eternity later when a voice finally came back.

"Hello! Calling Lieutenant Jon Jarl! We picked up your SOS! We are turning about and heading your way!"

Jon barely kept himself from yelling like a madman, in joy and relief. Calming himself, he asked, "Which ship are you? What's your name?"

There was a silence and then the voice that came back had a strange gloating note to it—"My name is . . . Jet Jaeger!"

Jon froze, gasping in astonishment. Jet Jaeger, the very bandit he was chasing before, was turning back to rescue him? Did that murderous criminal have a spark of human kindness in him after all? He had robbed and murdered all over the nine planets. Was he now going to perform the only decent act of his life?

Jon grinned. "What do you know? I get rescued by Public Enemy Number One of the solar system! That's one for the books!"

Not long after, Jet Jaeger's radio voice came in again. "Ahoy, Space Copper! I tracked you by radar, of course. I'm near your ship now."

"Look, Jet Jaeger," Jon said. "I'll see that you get the full mercy of the courts for rescuing me and . . ."

A harsh laugh interrupted. "Rescuing you? How stupid can you be, Copper? Don't you realize that the only reason I turned back is because you are now at my mercy?"

Again a cold chill crept up Jon's spine. The bandit continued, gloatingly. "You can't see me at all, Copper. Therefore you can't aim your guns at me. You could shoot all day at me without hitting me. But I can see you! Get it?"

"You mean you're going to shoot me down in cold blood?" Jon returned in a hopeless voice.

"No!" came back gratingly. "Honest, you cops got no imagination at all. Don't you see what fun I can have with you? I'm going to give you a chance to escape, see? Open up your rockets full speed. Maybe you can still outrun me. If you don't, I'll fire on you right now, like a sitting duck! I'll give you ten seconds to make your choice! One . . . two . . ."

Jon groaned. What a fiendish game the space bandit had devised. Jon had no real choice at all. If he didn't run away, Jet Jaeger would blast him down on the spot. But if Jon did rocket away at high speed, he was in danger of crashing into wandering meteors, without radar to warn him. And he knew even if he escaped that fate, the bandit could still easily pursue him with his radar, and eventually shoot Jon down. It was the game of cat and mouse. And Jon was not the cat.

"All right," Jon snapped. "I'm ready, Jeeger. I'm going to make a run for it. Here goes . . ."

Jon turned on his rockets, swung his ship, and rammed it into high speed. He stared ahead, but could see nothing in the inky blackness of the Dark Nebula.

But a screech came from the radio of the space criminal. "You idiot! Look out! You're aiming directly at me!"

"I know it!" said Jon. The next moment there was a grinding crash. The sharp steel nose of Jon's ship plowed into the aft section of the bandit ship and ripped it open.

Jon dived into his space suit and leaped over into the wreck, which still clung to the nose of his ship. Jet Jaeger lay gasping for air on the floor. Jon quickly crammed him into his own space suit, before he died of asphyxiation.

Then Jon held him at gun point.

"How did you do it?" croaked the bandit. "You couldn't see my ship. You had no radar. How could you aim straight at me?"

"How stupid can you space crooks be?" Jon grinned. "You forget that radio signals can be tracked down. All the while that you were talking and gloating, I was tuning my radio triangulation detector, which showed me exactly from which direction your radio waves came. I aimed my ship that way. I was taking the chance of smashing up my own ship, but my steel nose held up."

AS JON tied up the cursing bandit, he added, "By the way, your radar set is all I need to find my way back to headquarters, with you as prisoner. You rescued me after all, old pal. The Dark Nebula will be gone tomorrow. When it clears away, you'll see the stars and planets again—through bars!"

THE END

Follow JON JARL'S space episodes in
every issue of CAPTAIN MARVEL
ADVENTURES!

CAPT. MARVEL

Captain MARVEL

BATTLES THE PAIN MAKER



AT RADIO STATION WHIZ BILLY BATSON, STAR BOY NEWSCASTER, RUSES TO GREET HIS BOSS !

GOOD MORNING MR MORRIS ! HOW ARE YOU ?

FINE AND DANDY, BILLY ! NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE !

I HATE TO BRAG, BUT I'M IN PERFECT HEALTH ! HAVEN'T SEEN A DOCTOR FOR YEARS, EXCEPT FOR ROUTINE CHECK-UPS ! NEVER A SICK DAY ! IT'S WONDERFUL !

BUT SUDDENLY...

MR. MORRIS ! WHAT'S WRONG ?



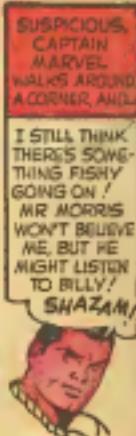
CAPT. MARVEL



CAPT. MARVEL



CAPT. MARVEL



CAPT. MARVEL

MAGIC
LIGHTNING
BRINGS
BACK
BILLY
BATSON!

THAT DOC
OMEGA MAY
BE A CROOK!
I'LL WATCH
HIM AND...
HEY, WHAT'S
THAT
GADGET?

I'LL
GIVE
MORRIS
ANOTHER
DOSE OF
PAIN WHEN
HE COMES
DOWN!

YOU
ARE
A
CROOK!
SHAZ—

CH,
SNOPINS,
EH, KID?
I'LL FIX
YOU!

THIS GADGET SHOOTS OUT A
SUPERSONIC NERVE-JANGLING
RAY, CAUSING INTENSE PAIN!
I JUST SHUT IT OFF EACH
TIME MORRIS DRANK MY
WORTHLESS RUM
KILLER, MAKING
HIM THINK IT
CURED HIM!
CLEVER, EH?



SO INTENSE IS THE PAIN THAT BILLY
IS UNABLE TO SAY HIS MAGIC WORD!



MAGIC
LIGHTNING
ONCE MORE
BRINGS
CAPTAIN
MARVEL!



HOW ABOUT
SOME PAIN FOR
YOU, CHUM?

THAT CROOK WAS
CREATING YOUR PAINS,
MR. MORRIS, IN ORDER
TO SELL HIS WORTH-
LESS MEDICINE FOR
BIG MONEY! THIS
IS THE END OF HIS
PAIN-MAKING
GADGET!

MY WORD!
HE HAD ME
CONVINCED I
WAS A SICK
MAN! HOW
FOOLISH!
WHY, I'M AS
SOUND AS
A DOLLAR!



Captain MARVEL

and THE VOICE HEARD AROUND THE WORLD!

HELLO, CAPTAIN
MARVEL!
CAN YOU HEAR
ME? HA, HA

HOLY MOLEY!
WHAT A VOICE!

THE BOOMING OF CANNON! THE CRASH OF THUNDER! VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS! THESE ARE THE LOUDEST SOUNDS ON EARTH, AND ARE SOMETIMES HEARD FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES! BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, COMES UPON AN EVEN MORE POWERFUL NOISE WHEN HE HEARS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST VOICE!

TIMOTHY THUMM HAS A PROBLEM!

HIS VOICE IS WEEFLY WEAK!

WHICH CAUSES HIM ALL SORTS OF TROUBLE!

NICE DAY,
HST?

EXCUSE ME!
I DIDN'T
HEAR WHAT
YOU SAID!

ZAP-ZAP-ZAP!

HELLO!
YOU CAN WIN
OUR GIANT JACKPOT
BY ANSWERING
ONE QUESTION!
HELLO? NOBODY
THERE? TOO
BAD!

BUT I
AM HERE!
THREE HUNDRED
MILES AWAY!





CAPT. MARVEL

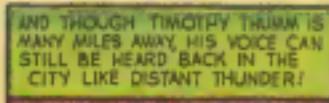


CAPT. MARVEL



BUT A STRANGE THOUGHT HAS WORKED INTO THE MIND OF
MR. TIMOTHY THUMAN

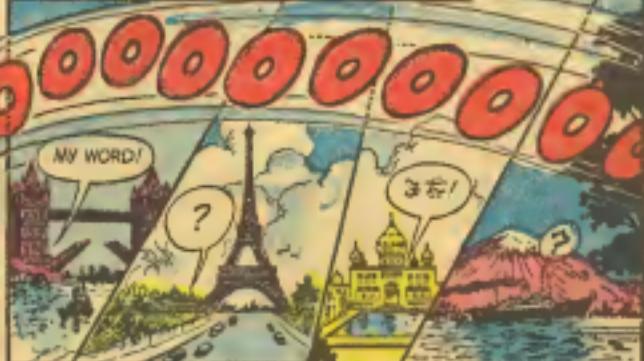
GOSH,
WHAT AN INTERESTING IDEA!
MAYBE IF I REALLY LET
LOOSE, MY VOICE COULD
BE HEARD AROUND THE
WORLD! I'LL TRY IT...



"I GUESS THE DOSE WAS
TOO BIG!" MY VOICE . . .



HOLY MOLEY! IF THAT KEEPS UP, YOU'LL SOON BE HEARD ALL AROUND THE WORLD! I'LL SEARCH FOR HERBS AS AN ANTIDOTE TO THE CONCOCTION YOU TOOK! WAIT THERE!



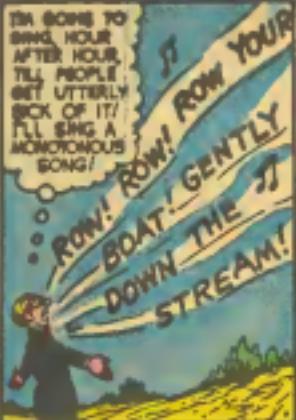
AND LATER, WHILE
CAPTAIN MARVEL
STILL SEARCHES
FOR THE HERBS
HE NEEDS...

IT WORKED!
I HEAR MY OWN
YELL, AFTER IT
CIRCLED THE GLOBE!
THIS IS TERRIFIC!



I'VE GOT A VOICE THAT CAN
BE HEARD AROUND THE
WORLD! WHY SHOULDN'T
I CAPITALIZE ON THIS
GREAT THING? WHY,
I COULD BECOME
RICH!

CAPT. MARVEL







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QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT—4 CORRECT, GOOD—
3 CORRECT, FAIR—2 CORRECT, POOR!

① THE EQUATOR RUNS BETWEEN THE TROPIC OF CANCER AND THE TROPIC OF CAPRICORN.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



④ THE U.S. BOUGHT THE VIRGIN ISLANDS FROM SPAIN.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



② THERE USED TO BE A TWO-CENT COPPER COIN IN THE U.S.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



⑤ NORWAY BECAME INDEPENDENT IN THE 20TH CENTURY.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



③ A LABRIT IS A WORK BENCH.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



ANSWERS:

1. TRUE. 2. FALSE. 3. FALSE. IT WAS ANTHONY BETTERMAN WHO WROTE IN THE UPS. 4. FALSE. FROM 1864 AND 1873, A POLICE OFFICER WAS MY DAD.

Capt. Kid ⁱⁿ KID STUFF

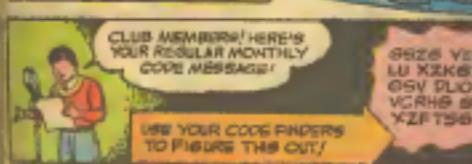


SQUEEMLY...



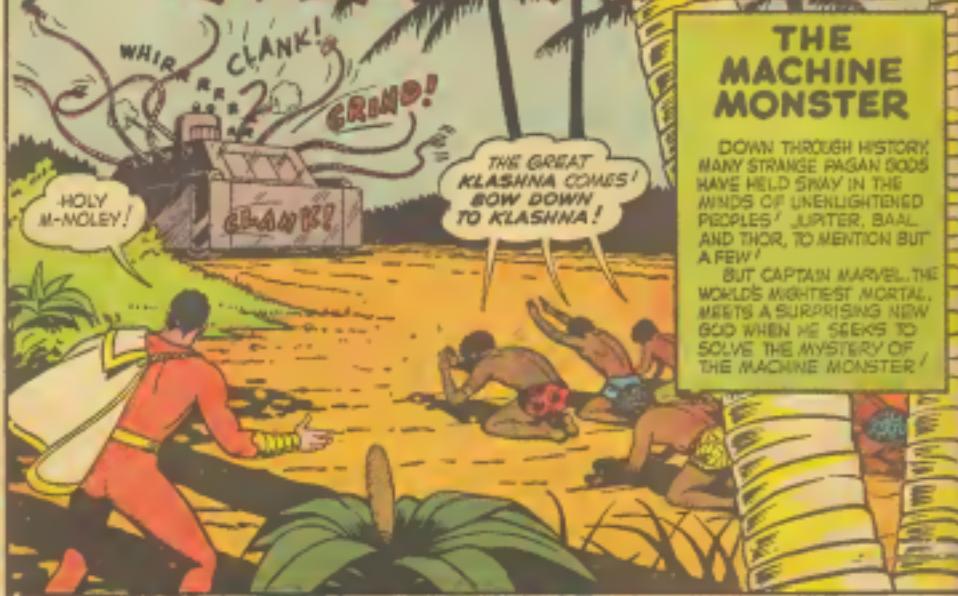
CAPT. MARVEL





SGIS VERO BROTERM HREZMEN NWAZXVN SSV ENR LIRTRM LU XEKSZVIA NZIEVD RM ZM FMFHZFO HGLUB NVCS NEOMHJ OSV OLOWH NATSGRYHG NLIEZO ZONLUS KVZHVN GL VGRHS SSV ALNWAS SV RH XIVZSHW OSVA, BV TSVH YZF TS6 RA HREZMEN GRHV GRZK! WLW@ NRHH PW!

Captain MARVEL



THE MACHINE MONSTER

DOWN THROUGH HISTORY, MANY STRANGE PAGAN GODS HAVE HELD SWAY IN THE MINDS OF UNENLIGHTENED PEOPLES' JUPITER, BAAL, AND THOR, TO MENTION BUT A FEW!

BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, MEETS A SURPRISING NEW GOD WHEN HE SEEKS TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE MACHINE MONSTER /



THERE'S BONGO ISLAND!
USUALLY NOBODY VISITS THE PLACE!
BUT MAYBE THE NATIVES WILL BE GLAD TO SEE US!



THE MESSAGE IS HEARD AT THE STATION WHIZ LISTENING POST BY FAMOUS BILLY BATSON

HOLY MOLLEY! I'D BETTER HAVE CAPTAIN MARVEL INVESTIGATE!

SHAZAM!

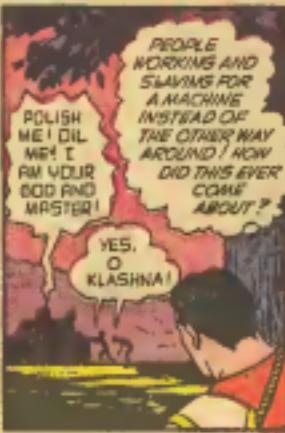


AS BILLY UTTERS THE MYSTIC NAME, MAGIC LIGHTNING THUNDERS DOWN AND HE IS CHANGED TO

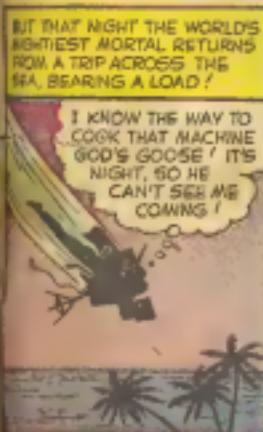
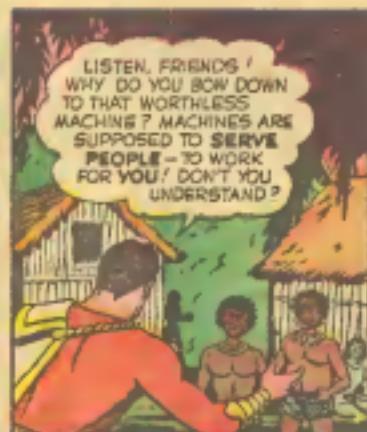


CAPT. MARVEL





CAPT. MARVEL





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AND GET ALL THIS**

**PLUS THE OPPORTUNITY TO
EARN OFFICIAL NRA MEDALS**

NOW you can learn to shoot safely, expertly with your Daisy at official NRA targets under adults supervision—as an Active Junior NRA Member! AND you can proudly wear the prized NRA embroidered brassard on coat, shirt or sweater—carry the impressive NRA Membership Card—own and enjoy the famous NRA Junior Rifle Handbook—earn a string of NRA marksmanship medals reaching clear across your chest! ALSO you can qualify for Lapel Button Awards and receive a Free Diploma for completing each of the six main Qualification Courses. Learn how you can be a Junior NRA Member—get into "The Big Leagues" of shooting—with your Daisy! Mail coupon, 10¢, unused 3¢ stamp for new Daisy AIR RIFLEMAN Book.

Now!



**DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. 1251, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.**

I enclose 10¢ in coin and unused 3¢ stamp for new DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK and details how I can become an NRA Junior Member and win AWARDS with my Daisy. Rush postage!

NAME _____

STREET & NO. _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

PARENTS' ORGANIZATIONS? Enclose unused 3¢ stamp for Circles on SUPERVISING OR SPONSORING a junior air rifle group.

NAME _____

ORGANIZATION'S NAME (if any) _____

STREET AND NO. _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

Men and women! If you want to shoot, you belong in the JUNIOR NRA. Check here for facts.



PARENTS! Your children want to shoot. Give them a chance to do it and learn safety through sport. To a **JUNIOR MEMBER** is given a book with complete information on how to shoot. This need not be a costly hobby.

ORGANIZATIONS! Support a junior air rifle club of 10 or more. Service corps, fraternal organizations, chambers of commerce and red and blue clubs, municipal recreation and police departments, supervised hunting clubs, veterans, service clubs.

The National Rifle Association of America is non-profit, non-sectarian organization whose chief purpose is to promote marksmanship and sportsmanlike conduct among all Americans. The NRA is the largest organization in the United States. For 50 years NRA has conducted clinics and courses of instruction in accurate and effective shooting techniques in all types of weapons and outdoor participation sports. Since the Junior Program has been started, air rifle owners via postal service in this country have purchased 10,000,000 NRA publications.

DAISY

Air Rifles

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